

POLICE

COMICS 10¢

SEPTEMBER
No. 70

PLASTIC MAN

finds

IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT
BLOWS *The HAT!*





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

WANTED! Skinny Weaklings to become HE-MEN

Let me PROVE I can make YOU TOUGH AS TARZAN

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!

says **George F. Jowett**

WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER



"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director Atlantic City.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day

Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, hand-somest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Molding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles. But better order all five courses for \$1.00!

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT. WHY DON'T YOU FOLLOW IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS!



A. PASSAMONT, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.



REX FERRIS, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he: "I owe everything to Jowett's methods! Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Course!"

SEND FOR JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

FREE!



BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These **FIVE Famous Courses NOW IN BOOK FORM ONLY 25c EACH or ALL 5 for \$1**

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only **ONE DOLLAR**—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually **FEEL** results within **ONE WEEK**, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the **FREE GIFT COUPON** at once you receive a **FREE** copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."



FREE GIFT COUPON!

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE DEPT. Q-79
230 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

George F. Jowett—Please send by return mail, prepaid, **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with courses checked below:

George F. Jowett

Champion of

Champions

- | | |
|---|--|
| ☐ All 5 Picture Courses complete for | ☐ Molding a Mighty Chest, 25c |
| ☐ Which I enclose \$1.00 in full payment | ☐ Molding a Mighty Arm, 25c |
| ☐ Molding Mighty Legs, 25c | ☐ Molding a Mighty Back, 25c |
| ☐ Molding a Mighty Grip, 25c | |
| ☐ Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1.00 plus post.) no orders less than \$1. sent C.O.D. | |

NAME _____ AGE _____
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY, INCLUDE ZONE NUMBER)

ADDRESS _____

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q-79 • New York 1, N. Y.

PLASTIC MAN



He was a fine craftsman! He was putting the finishing touches to me ... but as he worked, he was ill at ease!

TICK I'M JUST A NERVOUS OLD FOOL! THERE IS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

TICK

TICK

TOCK TOCK



TICK I'M JUST A NERVOUS
OLD FOOL! THERE
IS NOTHING TO
WORRY ABOUT!

BUT I CAN'T GET RID OF THAT FEELING THAT SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME!

AH...but there was a great deal to worry about!

N-NO... CAN'T CA...

Strange fellow...this man who made me!
In the mirror on the wall, he stared death in the eye!

N-NO! N-NO! IT CAN'T HAPPEN! IT CAN'T!



Strange fellow...this man who made me.
In the mirror on the wall, he stared death in the eye.

N-NO! N-NO! IT
CAN'T HAPPEN! I
CAN'T!

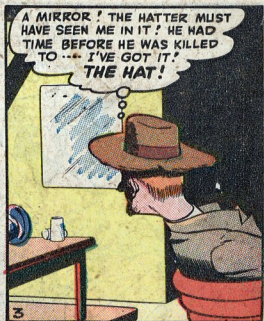
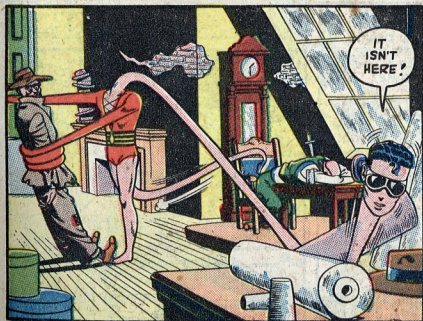
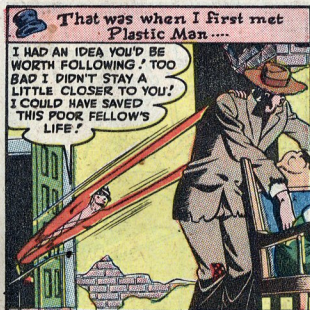
Yet he kept sewing that lining into me as if it were the most important thing in the world!

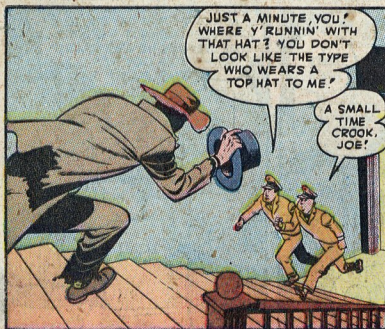
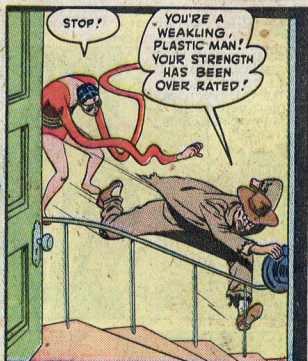
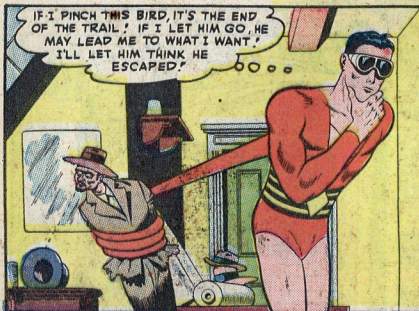
GOT TO FINISH... GOT TO... BEFORE I DIE!

GOT TO FINISH...
GOT TO.. BEFORE
I DIE!

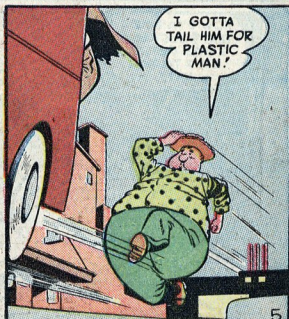
HA! HA!
HE DIDN'T
EVEN KNOW
WHAT STRUCK
HIM!

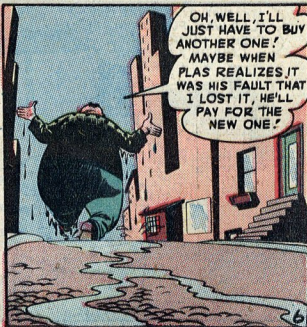
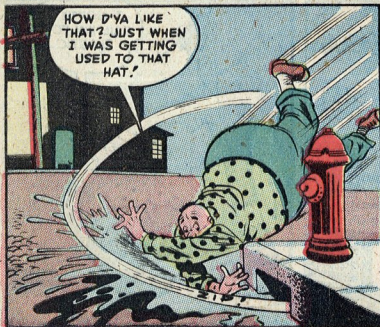
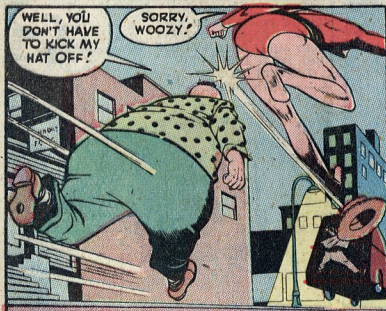
AGHH!



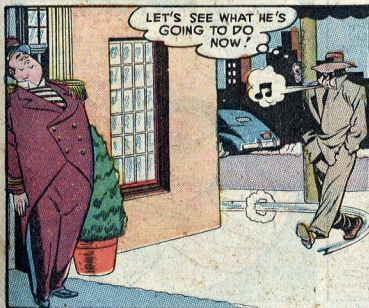
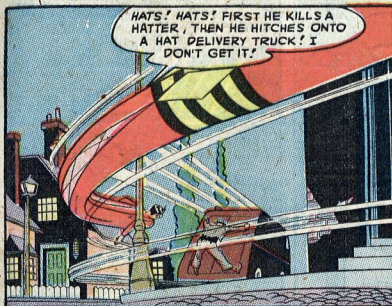


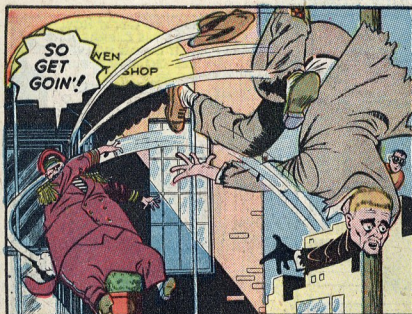
POLICE COMICS





POLICE COMICS





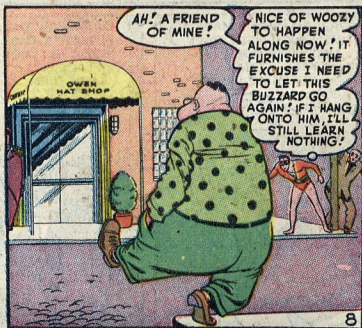
YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL! I SAVED YOU FROM GETTING SCRAMBLED!



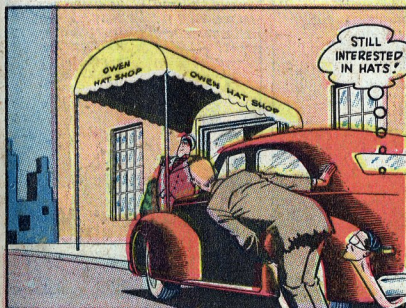
A WEAKNESS OF MINE! I LIKE TO WEAR 'EM! THEY KEEP MY HEAD WARM!

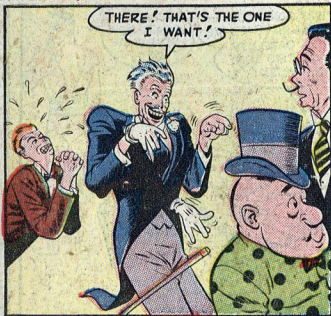


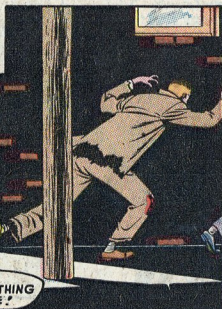
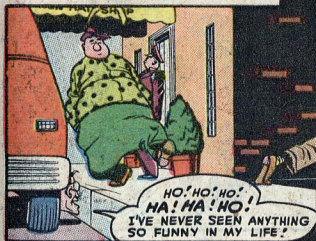
GULP!



NICE OF WOOLZY TO HAPPEN ALONG NOW! IT FURNISHES THE EXCUSE I NEED TO LET THIS BUZZARD GO AGAIN! IF I HANG ONTO HIM, I'LL STILL LEARN NOTHING!









PLAS! PLAS!
IT'S
MURDER!



WOOLY! FAINT
SOMEWHERE ELSE!
YOU'RE STOPPING
ME FROM
GETTING THE
KILLER!

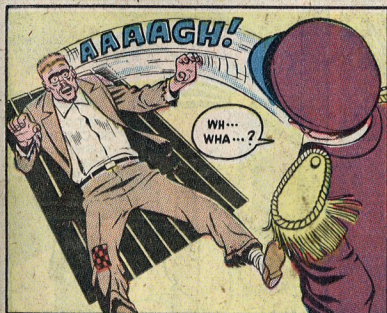
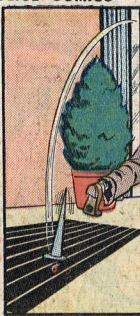


GOT IN THERE, AFTER ALL,
AND SWIPED A TOP HAT,
EH? I'LL SHOW YOU!

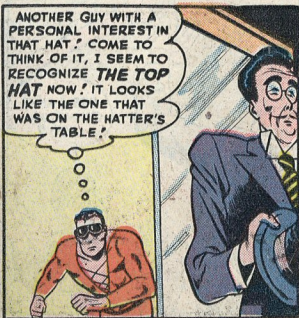
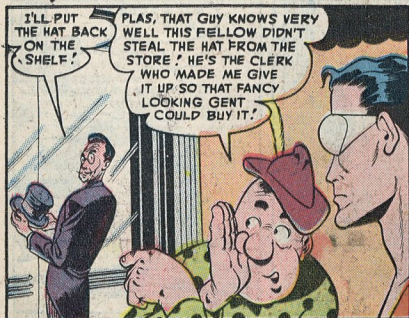


NOT THIS TIME, YOU
DON'T! YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO GET
BY WITH ANOTHER
MURDER!

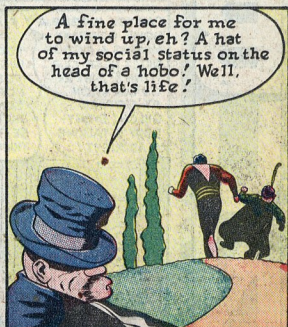
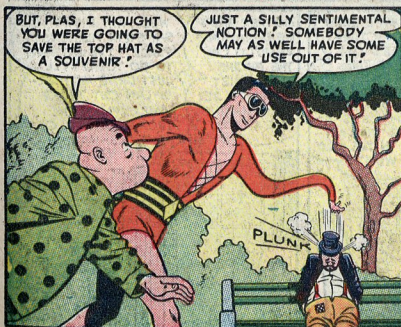
POLICE COMICS



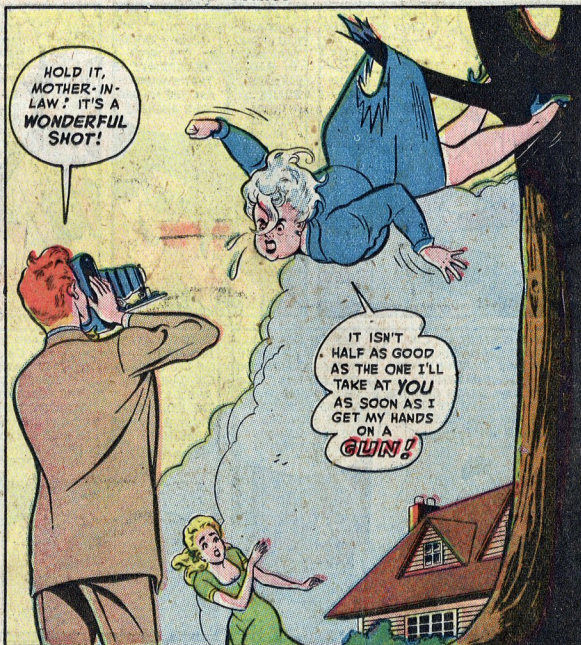
POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



HONEYBUN



HOLD IT,
MOTHER-IN-
LAW! IT'S A
WONDERFUL
SHOT!

IT ISN'T
HALF AS GOOD
AS THE ONE I'LL
TAKE AT YOU
AS SOON AS I
GET MY HANDS
ON A
GUN!

CAN YOU IMAGINE A
MOVIE COMPANY
MAKING A PICTURE
RIGHT NEAR OUR
TOWN? THEY'RE
ON LOCATION
AT GOPHER
GULCH! EVERY-
BODY'S TALKING
ABOUT IT!

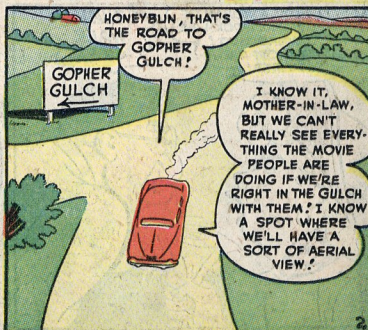
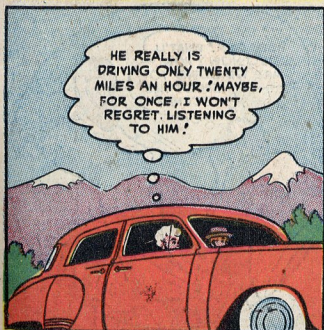
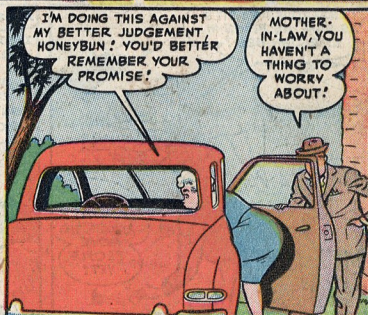
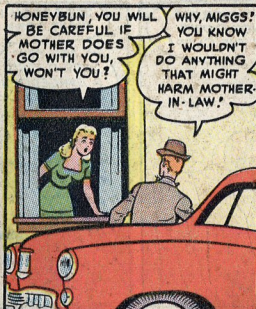
I ALWAYS KNEW
THE PICTURE
PEOPLE'D GET
WISE TO THE
POSSIBILITIES OF
GOPHER GULCH
SOME DAY! WHY
THAT PLACE IS
BETTER THAN ANY-
THING IN THE WILD
WEST!

MOTHER AND I
WERE TALKING
ABOUT IT ON
THE PHONE!
SHE'S JUST
DYING TO SEE
THEM MAKING
THE MOVIE!

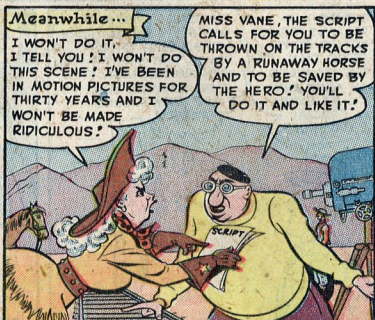
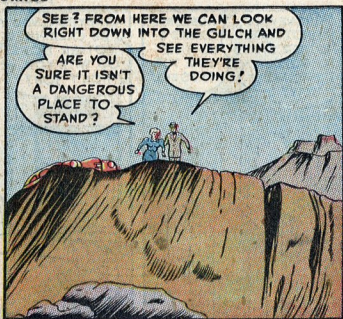
WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU
SAY SO IN THE FIRST
PLACE? I'VE NOTHING
TO DO TODAY! I'LL
JUST DRIVE MOTHER-
IN-LAW OUT THERE
AND EXPLAIN THE
TECHNICALITIES OF
PICTURE-MAKING
TO HER!

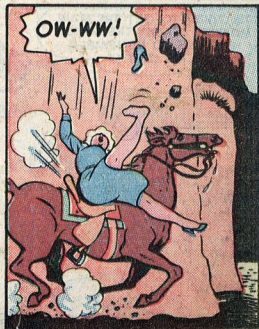
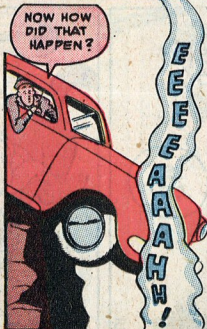
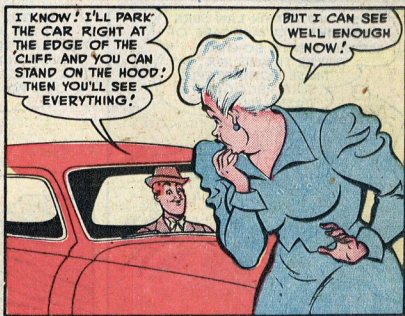
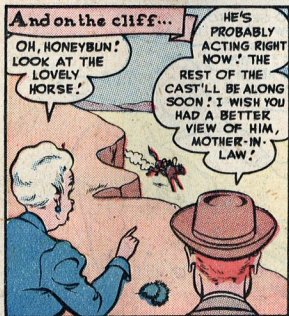
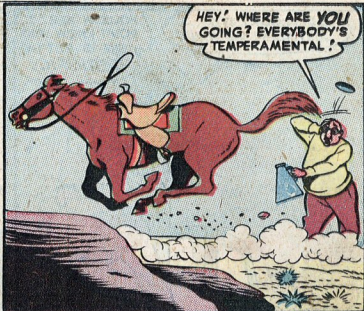
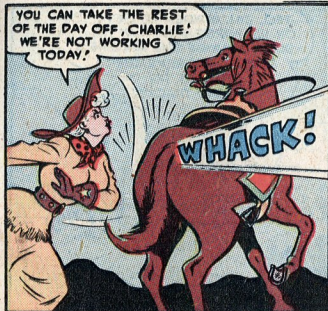


POLICE COMICS

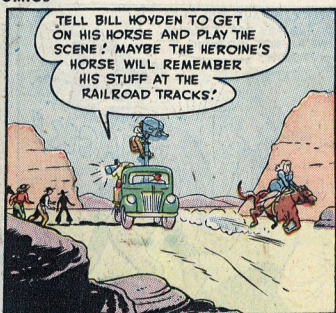


POLICE COMICS

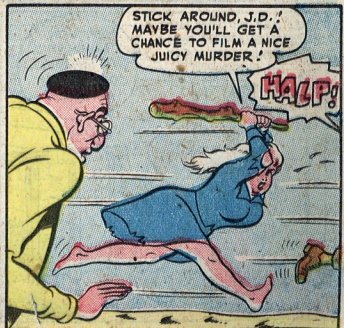
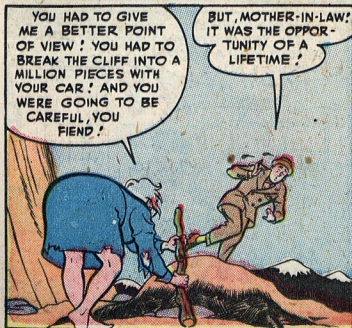
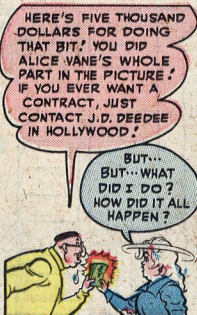
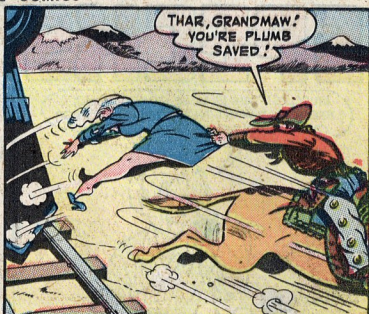




POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



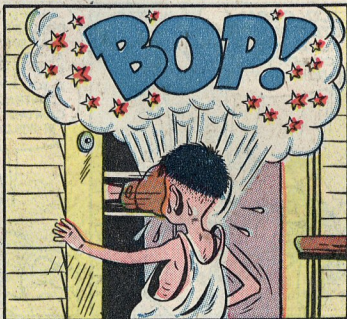
SPECKS

MUSCLES! THIS IS YOUR GOOD FRIEND,
SPECKS! I WANT THAT YOU SHOULD DROP
OVER TO MY HOUSE ---



I WANNA SHOW YOU THE SWELL
BIRTHDAY PRESENT
I JUS' GOT!

I'LL
BE RIGHT
OVER!



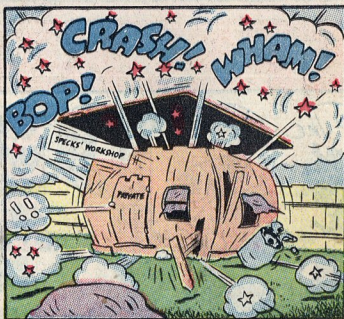
HA! HA! NOTHIN' LIKE
BOXIN' GLOVES FOR A
BIRTHDAY PRESENT.
EH, MUSCLES?

YEP! NOW
I KNOW WHY
BIRTHDAYS
COME ONCE
A YEAR!

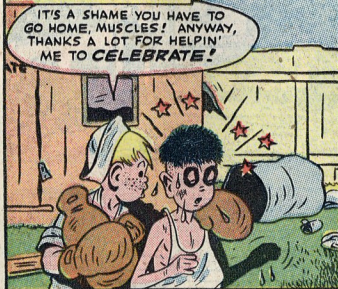


THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE
SHARIN' YER BIRTHDAY
PRESENT WITH A GOOD
FRIEND, I ALLUS
SAY!

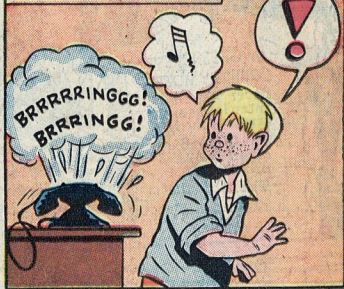




Half an hour later...

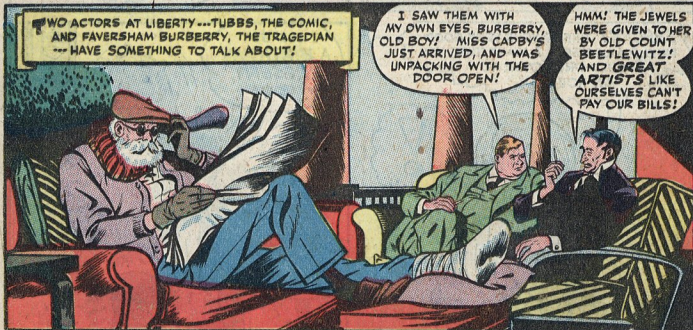
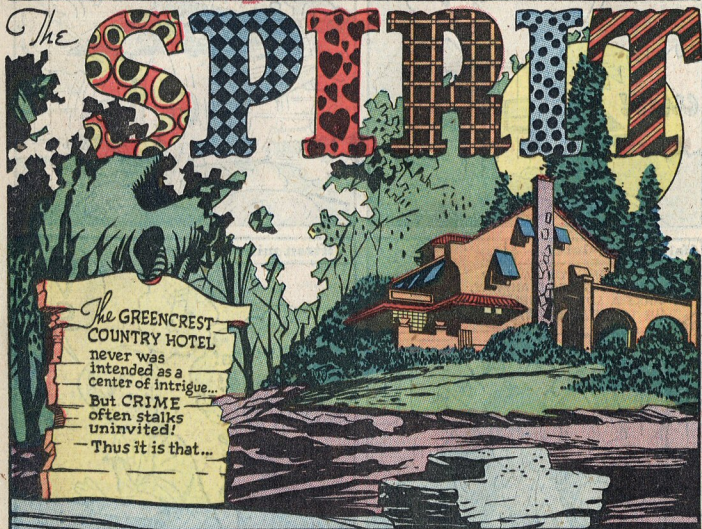


Fifteen minutes later...



SPECKS! THIS IS YOUR VERY GOOD
FRIEND, MUSCLES! I WANT THAT YOU
SHOULD DROP OVER TO
MY HOUSE ---





POLICE COMICS

IT'S OBVIOUS WHAT WE MUST DO...
SLIP UP TO HER ROOM WHEN SHE'S
OUT AND PINCH THE WHOLE
CASKETFUL!! THERE'S A
PAWNSHOP IN THE
VILLAGE---

YOU'LL
GET INTO
TROUBLE,
YOUNG
FELLERS!



I HAD THIS TO
MY EAR--HEARD
THE WHOLE
THING! MY
ADVICE IS
TO WATCH
YER STEP!

KEEP YOUR
ADVICE
UNTIL IT'S
ASKED FOR,
YOU
FESTOONED
OLD RELIC!



IF YOU TELL ON US,
WE'RE TWO TO YOUR
ONE! WE'LL DENY
IT AND PUT THE
BLAME ON
YOU!

WHO SAID
ANYTHING
ABOUT
TELLIN' ?
I JEST MADE
A SIMPLE
SUGGESTION!



THERE SHE
GOES NOW! UP
TO HER ROOM,
QUICK!



LEAD ON,
STOUT
FELLOW!



HER DOOR'S
LOCKED!

I GOT A SKELETON
KEY FOR -- ER --
EMERGENCIES! STAND
ASIDE AND I'LL
OPEN UP!



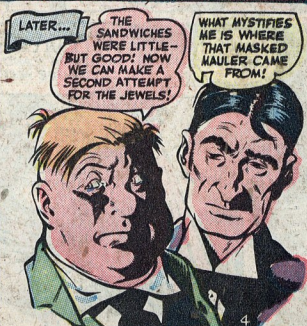
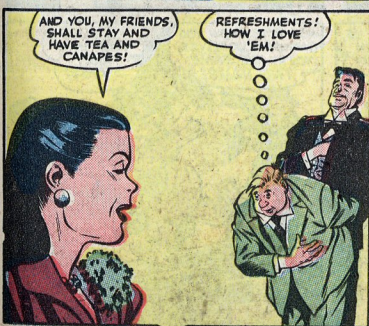
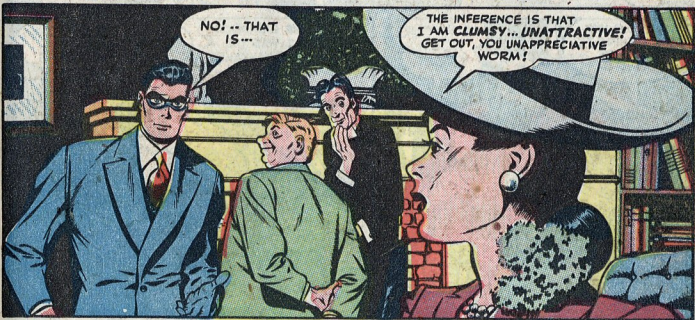
THAT'LL
BE THE LOOT!
GRAB IT, BURBERRY,
MY BUCK!



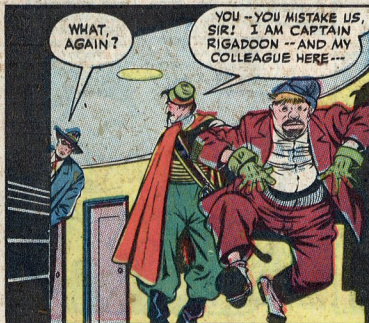
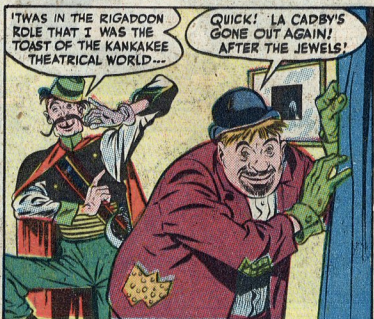
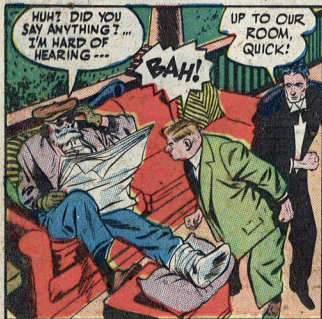
POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



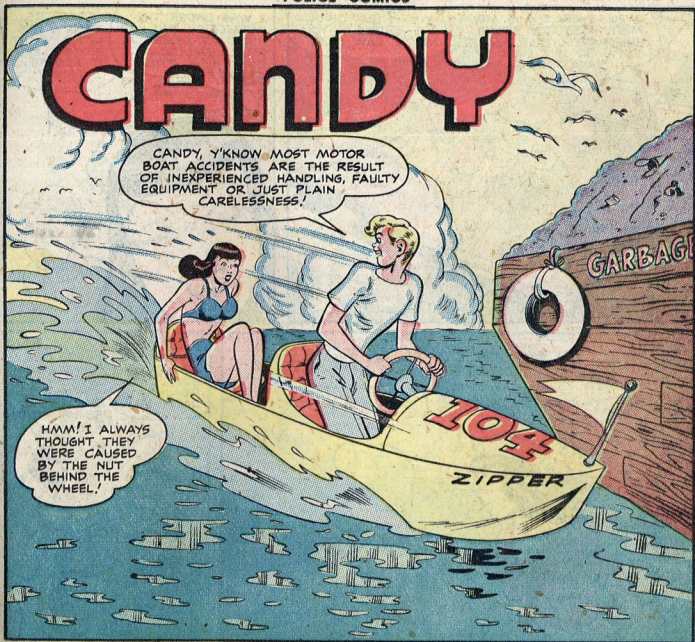
POLICE COMICS



CANDY

CANDY, Y'KNOW MOST MOTOR BOAT ACCIDENTS ARE THE RESULT OF INEXPERIENCED HANDLING, FAULTY EQUIPMENT OR JUST PLAIN CARELESSNESS!

HMM! I ALWAYS THOUGHT THEY WERE CAUSED BY THE NUT BEHIND THE WHEEL!



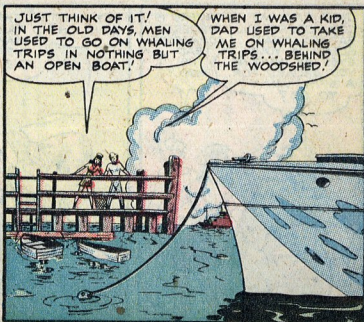
GEE, TED, THIS BOATING IDEA OF YOURS IS IN A DEEP, STRAIGHT GROOVE! I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

WON'T BE A TICK BEFORE WE'RE SAILING OVER THE BOUNDING MAIN!

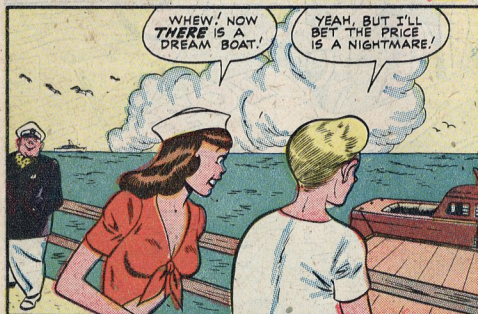
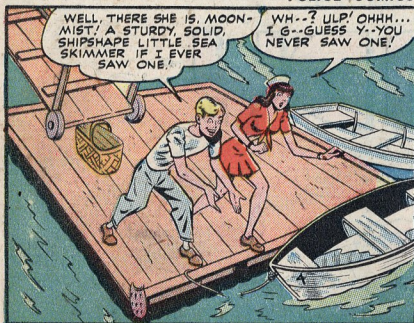


JUST THINK OF IT! IN THE OLD DAYS, MEN USED TO GO ON WHALING TRIPS IN NOTHING BUT AN OPEN BOAT!

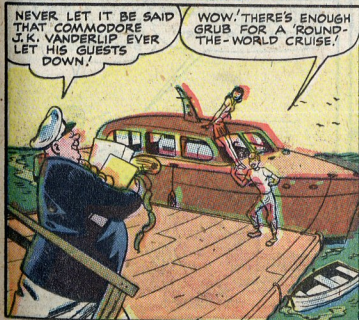
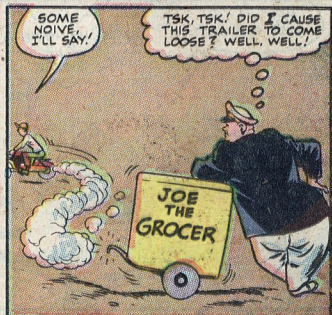
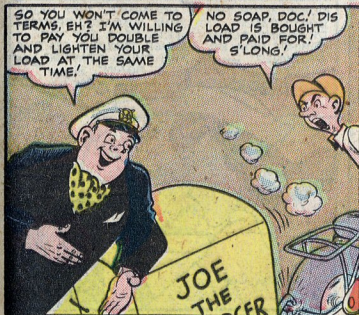
WHEN I WAS A KID, DAD USED TO TAKE ME ON WHALING TRIPS... BEHIND THE WOODSHED!



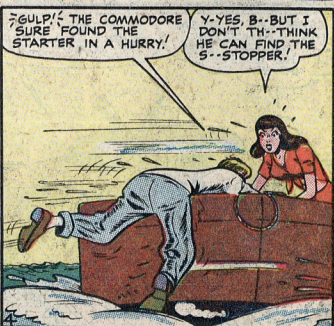
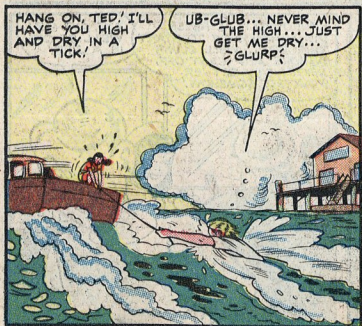
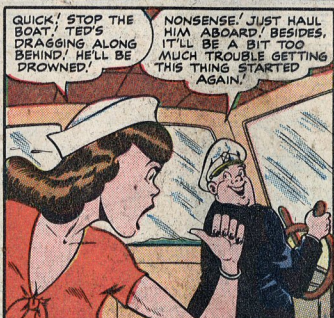
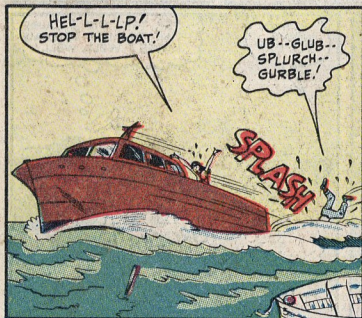
POLICE COMICS



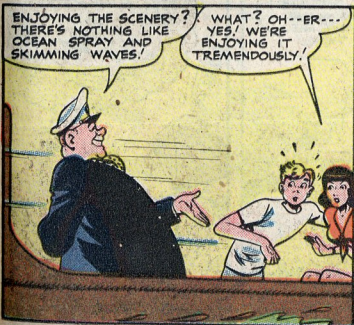
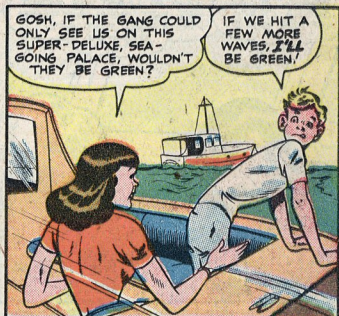
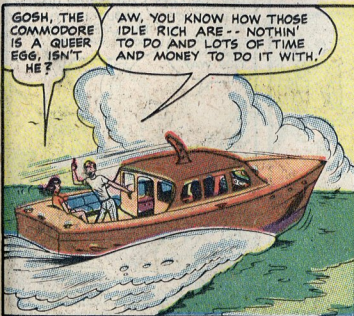
POLICE COMICS



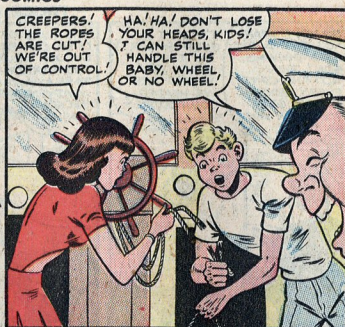
POLICE COMICS



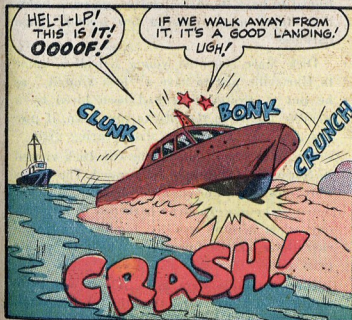
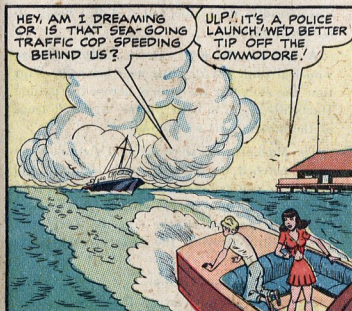
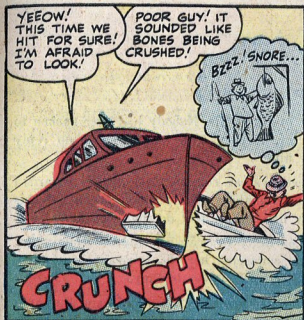
POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



MAN *with a* DREAM

HE was a strange looking man. Short-legged, heavy torso and a towering body from the waist up, where a gigantic, bushy-haired head rested like a globe.

His name was Steeth—Jerome Steeth, which was an odd sounding name any way you took it. But there were other odd things about Mr. Steeth. For instance, the house he lived in. It was situated on Birch Street, at the very end, in a heavy clump of birch trees, which gave the street its name.

Jerome Steeth lived in an enormous old red-brick house that had been standing for more than a century. It was called "haunted," as so many old houses are by credulous townsmen.

The house had a weird appearance in that there were no windows to the front at all, only a great oaken door with a huge brass knocker. The windows at the other sides of the house were all barred. The legend went that its first owner had a sister who was a lunatic.

No one knew whether that was the case or not, because no one lived in the town who remembered the first owner.

The really weird thing about Steeth's house were the strange lights at late hours of the night. Some said these lights would appear at an upper or even a lower window, only to go out almost immediately. At no time was a room lighted for more than a few minutes.

So a legend grew about Jerome Steeth and the old brick house. Steeth had owned the house less than a year when the townsmen began to see the lights. They seldom saw Steeth, who kept to himself during the days and only went forth in the late night. Always he chose a dark street for his wandering strolls.

Steeth was not given to talking to the townsmen. He seldom spoke to anyone. All his supplies came to him by truck, thus he dispensed with the necessity of patronizing the merchants of the town. They didn't like this much, but what could they do?

Steeth had never been in a single store or

home in Hartsville. Nobody had ever spoken to him; or, if they had, had received no reply from him.

Steeth was an enigma. Some people regarded him as something of a monster because of his lonely life. People will do that, you know.

When Betty Crawford disappeared one night, no one connected her disappearance with Jerome Steeth. Why should they?

Betty just vanished from the face of the earth and was not heard of again. Of course, there was a search, state-wide, but it didn't bring up a clue of Betty.

A few months later, Helen McQuarry also vanished while out strolling near her home. This time the story hit the papers across the nation. Hartsville began to have a name. Again no trace of the missing girl was found.

The Mackin twins were the next victims. They were snatched on a lonely path leading from school. No one had seen it happen. Because they were scarcely seven years old, the nation was once more aroused by the tragedy. Just what went on in Hartsville, the press of every state wanted to know.

No one could answer that.

The house at the end of Birch Street continued to have its infrequently-appearing lights that stayed on only for a few seconds. Then darkness.

Dick Mace, talented young detective, came to Hartsville just to have a "look around," as he put it. Secretly, he had been hired by a wealthy family in the city to run down, if possible, the mystery of the disappearing girls.

The town wasn't much, the way Dick viewed it. Not over 6,000 people, he guessed. The homes were mostly middle-class and poorer. A scant dozen of houses—estates—harkened to an early day when several wealthy families controlled everything in the township. Which meant its grist mills.

Now the mills were gone. There was little industry in Hartsville, other than a few small

POLICE COMICS

outfits that had sprung up during the war, and remained.

There was a girls' school nearby. And that was just about all.

Dick Mace had been in town only a day when Frances Weller, a beautiful girl of 19, vanished while on her way to or from the city library. Again the three men forming the police force were baffled in their searches. They called upon Mace to help them.

"No clues?" he wanted to know.

"None."

"Where do most of these kidnappings take place?" Dick asked.

"Well," replied one of the officers, "I guess you might say on the north side of town. It's pretty woodsy out that way. Yeah, I'd say they all took place in that general vicinity. But——"

"Then we'll plant a decoy," Dick told the cops. "If Mahomet won't come to the mountain, then the mountain will go to Mahomet."

"You mean," said the startled Chief of Police, "you'll put a girl out there somewhere and let that guy—or whatever it is—make off with her?"

Dick grinned, nodded.

"But—who?" demanded one of the cops.

"You leave that to me," Dick told them. "Where is the best women's clothing shop?"

They told him, scratching their heads as they watched the youngster set out for the main street and its shops.

"Now, just what the heck——" began one of the harness bulls.

The chief sniffed. "Them young dicks!"

That night a beautiful brunette girl wandered up and down the lonely streets north of town, humming to herself. She was apparently in deep study, not conscious of the occasional whistles that sounded from the few passing cars.

She occasionally consulted her wristwatch, then moved on, only to stroll back under the trees.

Was she waiting for someone? Who?

Suddenly a big dark sedan drew up to the

curb and stopped. A friendly voice asked the way to some point in the town.

The girl stepped closer to the big car and gave the direction. But by now the door flew open and a towering man leaped out. He made as if to grab the girl, but she was too quick. With a sharp intake of breath she jumped away and sped into the bushes near the sidewalk.

The big man followed, running with odd short steps, his mighty torso bulking huge above his fast-pattering feet.

A pistol suddenly appeared in the "girl's" hand. A crack and a spurt of fire blazed from its muzzle. "She" had fired point-blank at the big man. But he just stood there, gaping. Then he turned fast and hurried toward his car. Again the revolver banged. The "girl," who was Dick Mace, gasped. He had fired point-blank at close range into the man's chest and back, but the man apparently hadn't felt the bullets! He dived into his car and it sped away.

It didn't take long the following day to run down the odd-looking man with the top-heavy torso. Dick was soon heading toward Jerome Steeth's house on Birch Street.

He bounded up on the porch, rang the big bell-pull. The three coppers of Hartsville were staked out around the house.

No answer. Dick tried again, then cautiously turned the doorknob. The door opened inward. He went inside. All was dark. Forcing the locked living room door, Dick came upon a strange sight. A tiny figure of a man lay sprawled upon the floor. An empty poison bottle lay near his hand. He was a midget, hardly two feet tall. In a corner lay a strange looking contraption—a device that resembled the top of a man complete with head and hat. It fitted over the midget's shoulders, giving him the appearance of a big man.

The midget was stone dead.

In several upper floor rooms, Dick found the kidnapped girls. All told the same story. The midget had stolen them, locked them into the rooms, and only came to see them when he brought food and drink. He would then simply stare at them, marveling at their size and beauty! He proved to be, actually, a harmless little man!

MANHUNTER

Yes... the city police
are *LIMITED*!
But, town or country,
MANHUNTER and
his faithful dog **THOR**
track and trample the
strange forces of crime!



---AND PUT AIR IN THE
SPARE TIRE, WILL YOU
PLEASE? IT'S IN THE
BACK!

YESSUM!

LADY! WHO...
WHAT'S IN
HERE?

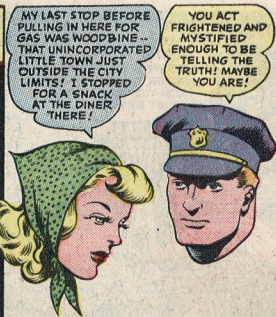
WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?

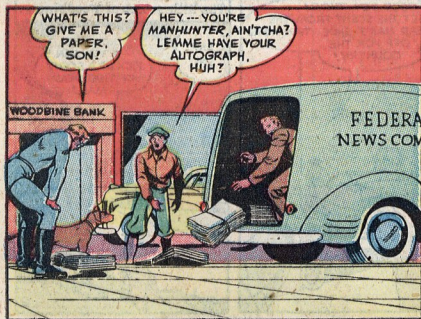
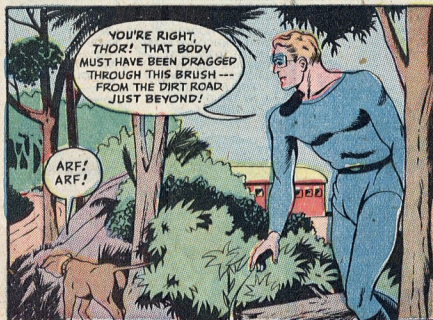
HE'S
DEAD!
WHAT'S
WRONG
HERE?

EEEEK!



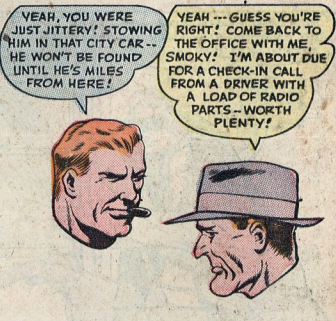
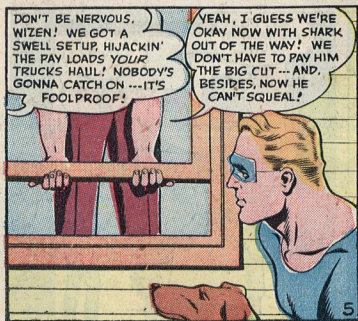
POLICE COMICS



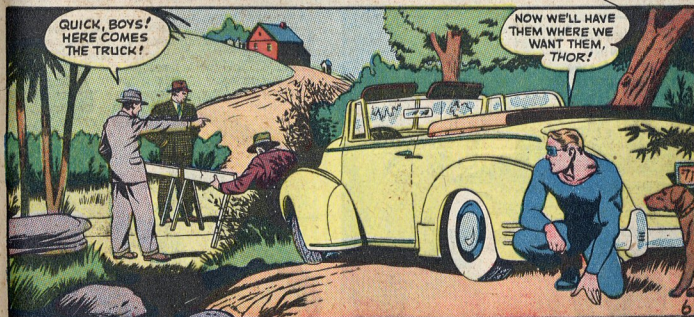
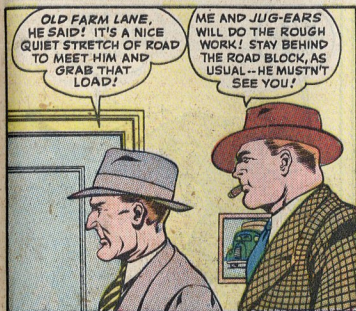


POLICE COMICS

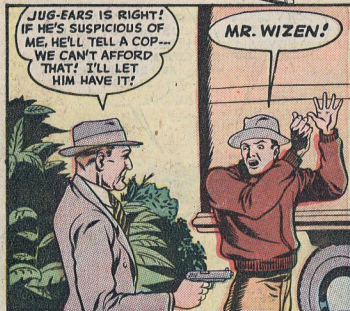
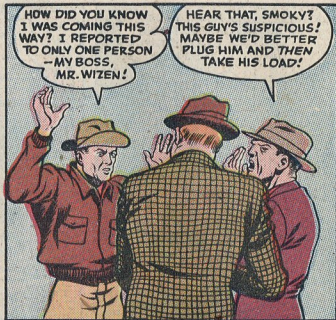
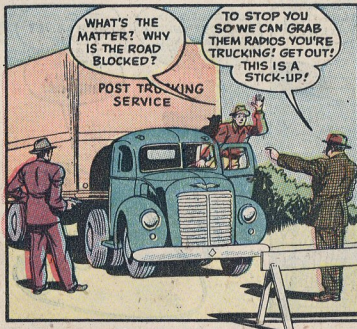




POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



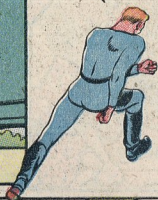
POLICE COMICS



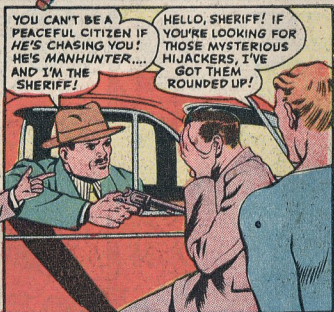
YOU SHOW LOTS OF SPEED, WIZEN! BUT I'LL GET YOU!

A CAR UP AHEAD... I'LL CATCH A RIDE!

HELP! HELP!



THAT MASKED MONSTER... HE'S AFTER ME! I'M A PEACEFUL CITIZEN...



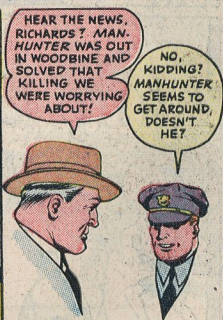
HELLO, SHERIFF! IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THOSE MYSTERIOUS HIJACKERS, I'VE GOT THEM ROUNDED UP!



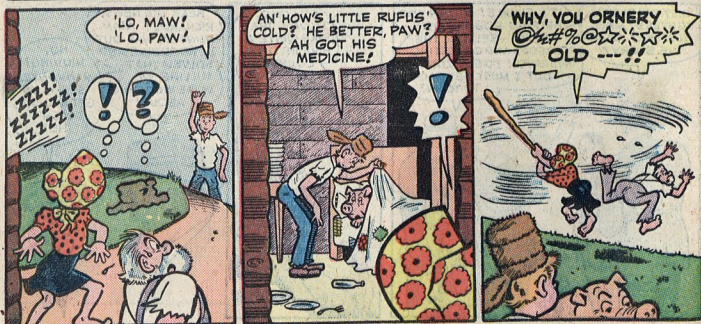
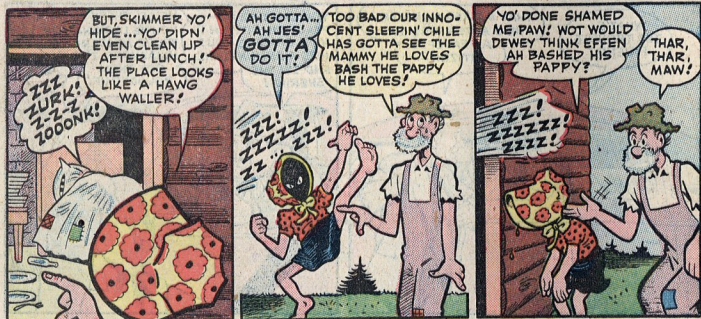
IT'S SIMPLE! WIZEN WAS HELPING ROB HIS OWN TRUCKS - SELLING THE CARGOES AND COLLECTING INSURANCE! I'D ELABORATE, BUT I MUST GET BACK TO TOWN!



WUFF!



NO, KIDDING? MANHUNTER SEEMS TO GET AROUND, DOESN'T HE?



BOYS!
GIRLS!

Make Your Own Models OF
DOGS, SOLDIERS—ANYTHING—
THIS EASY NEW WAY!

HOW DID YOU
GET SO MANY
SUPER INDIAN
MODELS?

SIMPLE! RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS
SENT ME THEIR COMPLETE
MODELING KIT WITH
EVERYTHING IN IT
I NEEDED, SO....



**NOW! NEW MOLD-ART KIT CONTAINS EVERYTHING YOU
NEED—FUN TO DO—EARN MONEY AT THE SAME
TIME... NO ART SKILL NEEDED**

Here's more fun and excitement than you've ever known before! This amazing Rubber-For-Molds complete Mold-Art Modeling Kit contains everything you need to reproduce statuettes, plaques or any other models quickly, easily and at a sensational low cost. Just coat any subject with the liquid rubber in the kit, allow it to dry, strip it off... and you have a mold that can be used to make hundreds of castings like original subject. Kit includes Indian warrior model to start you off. New improved illustrated, easy-to-follow book of instructions (50¢ value) makes it simple to make your own models. Start new fascinating hobby—even make it profitable! Order your introductory trial kit today.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

**START YOUR OWN
BUSINESS**

molding toys, novelties, statuettes, bookends, etc. in spare hours. Great hobby brings fun and opportunity for big profits. Send coupon for trial kit including big new instruction book showing how to mold all kinds of objects today.



SEND NO MONEY

Fill in coupon now to get your complete RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS Kit. Send no money. On arrival, pay postman only \$1.49 plus postage for the complete kit of 14 different items. Then follow the easy instructions. If you don't agree that this is the most exciting outfit you've ever seen, if you aren't delighted with the wonderful results you get, simply return the unused portion of your kit in 10 days and your money will be refunded immediately. Don't wait. Start this fascinating hobby. learn how to make extra spending money by mailing coupon right now.

PROFESSIONALS!

There's No Finer Rubber For Molds!
... Popular Prices In Pints, Quarts,
Gallons.

COMPLETE
KIT ONLY

\$1.49

Kit contains 50¢ value Instruction Book, 14 Different Items—Everything You Need! Famous Indian warrior model in bright colors; generous supply of finest liquid rubber; molding powder; base on which to mount subject; shellac for fastening to base; extra brush; sandpaper; talcum for dusting; talcum pad; spatula; palette of colors to paint models.

.... I JUST PAINT THE
INDIAN MODEL IN THE KIT
WITH LIQUID RUBBER
LIKE THIS!

LOOKS
EASY!



YOU SAID IT! WHEN THE
RUBBER DRIES, I STRIP IT
OFF AND I'VE GOT A RUBBER
MOLD OF THE INDIAN.

WHAT
DO YOU
DO WITH
THAT?



JUST POUR MODELING
POWDER INTO IT. THEN
WHEN IT DRIES, I
REMOVE THE RUBBER.

DOES THAT
MAKE A CAST
OF THE INDIAN?



YUP—JUST LIKE MAGIC! NOW I
PAINT THE INDIAN. SHUCKS, I CAN
MAKE HUNDREDS OF 'EM FROM THIS
ONE MOLD—SELL 'EM, TOO! YOU CAN
REPRODUCE ANYTHING
WITH RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS.

GEE, THAT LOOKS LIKE
FUN. I'M GOING TO OR-
DER ME A KIT TODAY!



RUSH THIS 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON!

**RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, Inc., Dept. 53L
6044 Avondale, Chicago 31, Illinois**

Please send me your complete RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS Modeling Kit, including 50¢ Instruction Book, for which I will pay postman only \$1.49 plus postage. (Send \$1.49 with order, we pay postage.) I will return kit in 10 days if I am not satisfied and you will refund my \$1.49.

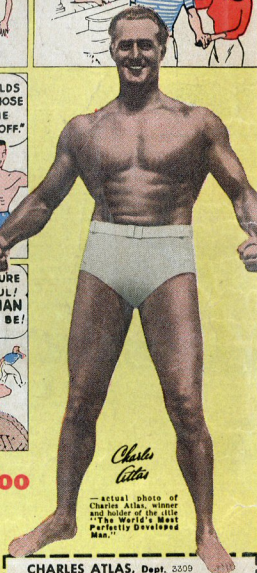
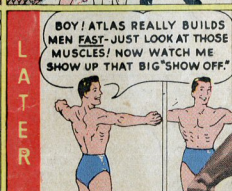
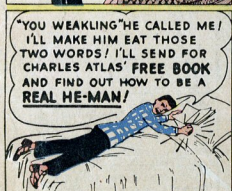
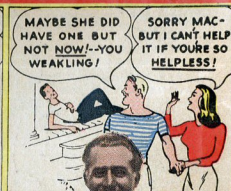
Name (print plainly)

Address

City Zone State

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, Inc., Dept. 53L, 6044 N. Avondale, Chicago 31, Ill.

HOW JUST TWO WORDS TURNED MAC INTO A HE-MAN!



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac), are fed up with being "pushed around"—if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITY instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, peeples, 97 pound "bag of bones" myself. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other scrawny, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD! Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

I'm using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back. Fill out your arms and legs. This easy NATURAL method will

make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

I don't care how old or young you are or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOUL-BEATING STRENGTH** to your biceps —yes, on each arm—in double-quick time!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension." Shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU! Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 3309, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3309
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No. (if any)..... State.....